

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

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Review of New Books.

Travels in various Countries of the East: more particularly Persia, in 1810, 1811, and 1812; illustrating many subjects of Antiquarian Research, History, Geography, and Miscellaneous Literature. With Extracts from rare and valuable Oriental Manuscripts. By Sir William Ouseley, knight, LL.D. &c. &c. Vol. I. 4to. pp. 455. London, 1819.

AMONG the numerous and expensive volumes of voyages and travels, which, during the short period of our critical labours, we have brought before our readers, the Travels in Persia are by no means the least interesting. Few travellers could have possessed the advantages of being Private Secretary to the British Embassy, in Persia, and still fewer would have been able to have made it so serviceable to science and to literature, as Sir W. Ouseley. The first passage of the preface states the nature of the work very concisely, and is fully justified by the work itself; it is there said to contain, besides an account of transactions, such as travellers commonly notice in their journals, descriptions of extraordinary ceremonies and of remarkable objects; anecdotes of eminent personages; relations of public occurrences and of private adventures, and observations on men and manners. Lest it should be thought that, on some subjects, the author of the present volume has gleaned something from two late travellers in the east, from the coincidence of their respective statements, it is necessary to remark, that this volume was half printed, when Mr. Morier and Colonel Johnson's works on Persia, were first published.

We will not enter into any observations on Sir William Ouseley's disquisitions on the writing or pronunciation of Asiatic words, but we must enter our protest against the revival of the *k* final in English words, such as critick, publick, diplomatick, and several others, throughout the whole of the volume.

It was early in the year 1810, that the British government sent Sir Gore Ouseley, with full diplomatic powers, to the Court of Persia; his brother, the author of the work before us, who had already distinguished himself by his knowledge of oriental literature, accompanied him as private secretary. In July, the embassy, with Mirza Abúl Hassan, the Persian envoy to our court, and his nine Asiatic attendants, sailed from Portsmouth.

At Rio Janeiro, where they remained some days, our author was particularly struck with the abject slavery, in which the poor Africans were kept and employed in drawing water near the landing place:—

'Some were chained in pairs by the wrists; others five or six together, by links attached to heavy iron collars. These, it was said, had endeavoured to escape from the lash of their owners, by seeking refuge in the woods and mountains.'

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remarked, that, from the iron collar, which was fastened round the neck of one, proceeded a long handle (of iron also) contrived by its projection to embarrass the wearer, when forcing his way through forests or thickets. This handle would afford to any European, who might fortunately detect the poor fugitive, very easy means of securing, and even (by immediate strangulation) of destroying him. All these were as nearly in a state of perfect nakedness as decency would allow; and many bore, on their backs and shoulders, the marks, either of stripes recently inflicted, or of others, by which their skins had long since been lacerated.'

And yet these poor wretches, while dragging an immense cask of water from the public fountain to their master's house, cheered each other with chanting a kind of pleasing melody; the burden of their song was an address to the water cask, 'come load, come soon home!'

The native Brazilians are of a yellowish colour, and differ considerably from the Africans, in hair, face, and general appearance. A female, whose husband was chief of the *Botecudo* tribe, and, therefore, it might be supposed, not the least civilized, presents a shocking picture of the rude barbarity of these monsters in human shape:—

'This Brazilian queen, as some styled her, had been brought to Rio de Janeiro, by order of the Prince Regent, who humanely wished, through conciliating treatment, to civilize that race of cannibals. The clothes provided for herself and her two children, they constantly tore. But the savage mother was proudly ornamented with a necklace composed of human teeth; her under lip was slit and much distended, while a piece of wood, purposely inserted through the opening, protruded it in a disgusting manner. Her ears also had, by some means, been so lengthened, that they nearly reached her shoulders. This hideous woman acknowledged, that she had, on various occasions, devoured the flesh of fourteen or fifteen prisoners, and all attempts that were made to soften her ferocity proved vain.'

The horrid barbarities with which the Brazilians kill and dissect their prisoners, are fully detailed by Mr. Southey, in his History of Brazil, and quoted by our author:—

'At all these operations the old women presided; and they derived so much importance from these occasions, that their exultation over a prisoner was always fiend-like. They stood by the *Boucan*, and caught the fat as it fell, that nothing might be lost; licking their fingers during this accursed employment. Every part of the body was devoured; the arm and thigh bones were reserved to be made into flutes; the teeth strung in necklaces; the skull set up at the entrance of the town; or, it was sometimes used as a drinking cup, after the manner of our Scandinavian ancestors. They had learned to consider human flesh as the most exquisite of all dainties. Delicious, however, as these repasts were deemed, they derived their highest flavour from revenge.'

Under the head Ceylon, our author notices a singular tradition respecting the fall of Adam from Paradise, and his descent upon the summit of Mount Serandib, that

island which has, by several writers, been indicated as his place of sepulture. Adam's grave, however, must have been of considerable extent, since the impression left by his foot on the rock of Serandib, was almost equal in length to seventy Persian *gaz*, the *gaz* being equivalent to forty inches of our English measure.

A description of the dances of the Natch-girls at Bombay, and of their songs, which are a succession of soft modulations, expressing very amorous language from a damsel to her swain, affords our author an opportunity for a dissertation on the story of Joseph and Potiphar's wife, and he says, 'that although, in the writings of the Mohammedans, there are frequent allusions to this piece of scriptural history, yet the Persians never suppose their females to make, either in prose or verse, any advances or declarations of love.'

India abounds so much with females, whose only profession is that of singing and dancing, that we read in authentic history, of two thousand having administered to the pleasure or the state of one Rajah, who incurred, however, his sovereign's anger; so numerous an establishment of women having been supposed to encroach on the imperial privilege. Such of those girls as have attained eminence, demand a considerable remuneration.

Sir Gore Ouseley, with a numerous party of gentlemen, visited the stupendous cavern-temple of Elephanta, which is on an island, about seven miles distant from Bombay. This cavern takes its European name from a conspicuous figure near the landing place, hewn out of stone, once solid, but now much injured, representing an elephant of considerable size. The immense columns, the bust with three faces, that gigantic figure supposed to represent an amazon, with the variety of sculptures, have always rendered this cavern interesting to the antiquary.

There is, on the ample expanse of this cavern, in the bulky columns yet remaining; in the immense ridges, like beams, which those columns seemingly support, though all are cut from the solid stone; and, in the colossal forms appearing on every side, to stare at the intruding visitor; something that excites ideas of vastness, durability, magnificence, and gloom; filling the mind with such a sort of awe, as may, almost, be styled religious.'

Our author is much attached to the Parsis, who form a numerous and respectable class of the population of Bombay, and not less so to their religion, 'as one, not only recommending, but actually producing virtuous habits; rendering the men who profess it honest, and the women chaste.' The Parsis, as they are denominated in India, from the original country Pars, are descended from the ancient Persians.

The defence of the Parsi fire-worshippers is a favourite subject with the author, who has devoted nearly fifty pages to it, and promises much more in a future work. He contends:—

'That the first Persian altars blazed in honour of God alone; as likewise, that the present disciples of Zeratusht, or Zardehesht (Zoroaster,) both in India and the mother country, Irán, or Persia, have no other object, when they render fire a semblance of veneration. Yet the original purity of their religion appears to have been affected, during intermediate ages, by various occasional schisms, and contaminated by heretical practices, which were most probably of short duration, and adopted only in particular districts of their extensive empire. We find them, however, gravely accused by classic writers, not only of worshipping the elements and celestial bodies, but even the persons of their living monarchs,

and, at least, one statue of an imaginary divinity, bearing the human form.'

* * * * *

Whatever foreign heresies may have subsequently infected the Persians, it is allowed by Vossius, who most diligently investigated the subject of idolatry, that, in early ages, fire was to them as a symbol of God, and such is it at present among their descendants, the Parsis and Gabrs, or rather, as they denominate themselves, Behdín and Mazdiessán. The first name, Behdín, compounded of *beh*, 'good, excellent,' and *din*, 'religion,' signifies one who professes the true faith, or *din-i-beh*; that worship established in Persia, by Zardehusht, or Zeratusht, after the reformation of several abuses, which had corrupted the primitive Magism. That *beh* was an epithet almost peculiarly consecrated to the religion and disciples of Zardehusht, might be proved by a multiplicity of quotations.'

Our author then adduces numerous authorities in support of the opinion he has given.

Of the origin of the name of an island in the Persian Gulf, called Keish, there is an anecdote, on the authority of a Persian MS. which will remind our readers of the famous nursery tale of Sir Richard Whittington and his cat. It was in the tenth century, that one Keis, the son of a poor widow, in Siráf, embarked for India, with his sole property, a cat.

There he fortunately arrived, at a time when the palace was so infested by mice or rats, that they invaded the king's food, and persons were employed to drive them from the royal banquet. Keis produced his cat, the noxious animals soon disappeared, and magnificent rewards were bestowed on the adventurer of Siráf, who returned to that city, and afterwards, with his mother and brothers, settled in the island, 'which, from him, has been denominated Keis, or, according to the Persians, Keish.'

It may here be remarked, that besides our English Whittington, the same story has been related of different persons, in countries widely separated, and in various languages. The worthy Florentine, 'Messer Ansaldo degli Ormanni,' was indebted to feline assistance for riches and celebrity; his two cats 'due bellissimi gatti, un maschio, e una femmina,' soon relieved the king of an island (Canaria) on which he had been cast by a violent tempest, from the plague of mice, and he was recompensed 'con richissimi doni.'

At Bushehr, where the embassy landed, the ambassador was received with much ceremony.

In the streets were drawn up the president's guard of infantry sepoys, the detachment of sepoys cavalry, the royal artillery men, and serjeants of the forty-seventh regiment. An irregular body of Persians, armed with match-lock muskets, crowded the beach, and others, by blows of their sticks, restrained the mob. In lanes and corners, and on the flat-roofed buildings, were multitudes of women, enveloped, but with little attention to the graces of drapery, in dark blue cloaks, after the Arabian fashion, or in white sheets; their faces, generally, being concealed by pieces of black crape. The governor led us to his house, where we climbed to the principal chamber by a staircase nearly perpendicular, each step of which was most inconveniently high. In consideration of our European customs, some chairs had been provided, and *caleáns*, or pipes, with coffee, tea, and rose water, were presented to the guests, besides fruit, cakes, and sweetmeats. Meantime, Lady Ouseley and her female attendants were entertained in the governor's *kharem*, to the door of which, Captain Heathcote had escorted her palakin; she saw there only three ladies, one infant, and a few maid-servants.

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provided for us, and rode through narrow streets, to a gate in the town wall, on passing which we immediately entered the desert. Several robust men, half-naked, went before us, tumbling and jumping with considerable activity. Some *pahleváns* displayed feats of strength and dexterity, by whirling over their shoulders very large and ponderous wooden clubs. A boy, who danced, disguised in woman's dress, was more conspicuous for gesticulation, than either for elegance or modesty. The *luti**, also above-mentioned, performed his part, and we were dispersed by the sound of Persian trumpets, and repeated volleys of musketry. Many horsemen, who had joined our cavalcade, exhibited the evolutions of a combat; some galloping forwards with the utmost speed, eighty or an hundred yards, discharged their pistols, as the ancient Parthians shot their arrows at the pursuing foe; whilst others, in mock duels, tilted with lances, and darted the *jerid*, or *jeridah*.†

While at Bushehr, the ambassador received from Jaafar Kha'n, a fine young lion, so gentle that he seemed pleased when the sailors patted his head. On being first put into the coop or cage, he conceived such fondness for an old ragged and dirty canvas bag, which happened to lie there, that he would not allow any person to touch it, and, on moving from one side to another, always took it with him in his mouth.

Bushehr contains about four hundred houses, chiefly mud built; it rose into notice during the last century, but suffered much by an earthquake, in 1806. An offer of houses in the town was declined by the embassy, who preferred the air of an open plain, to the sultry vapours of close and dusty streets. Tents, horses, camels, and baggage mules, were provided, and they encamped until the arrival of a *Mehmándár*, or 'entertainer of guests,' should enable them to commence their journey.

Various authors have noticed the extraordinary words supposed to be inscribed on the wings of locusts. The Sieur de Beauplan heard that the characters were Chaldaic, and signified 'the scourge of God.' But a much longer legend is exhibited on the wings of locusts, and in the Arabic language, if we may believe some Muselman writers. 'We are the army of the mighty God; we have each ninety and nine eggs; and, had we but the hundredth, we would consume the world, and all it contains.' While in camp near Bushehr, our author had, unfortunately, too many opportunities of examining the locusts wings, but although he has delineated, he is unable to decypher them. His account of these unwelcome visitors, and of the use that is made of them, is interesting:—

'Early the next day, myriads of locusts appeared, as in a cloud moving on the desert; they passed over our camp; a few left the main body, and went off in different directions, and some flew so low that we easily caught them. At noon the heat was very oppressive, the wind still blowing and overwhelming us in sand, like waves. The locusts directed their flight chiefly to the cultivated spots, or wherever any verdure could be perceived. The wind ceased, and rain succeeded on the fifteenth, after which we enjoyed two or three days of serene and pleasant weather. The great mass of locusts had descended on the sea-shore and plain, near Bushehr, where they were immediately gathered as a favourite article of food, by the poor people, who are almost all of Arabian origin; by those purely Persian, they did not appear to be so much esteemed. Returning from the town, I met crowds of women and children, carrying home in baskets, handkerchiefs, and bags, the locusts which they had collected.'

* A buffoon, distinguished by a four pointed hat, or fool's cap.—REV.

† A branch of the palm-tree, or stick of some heavy wood.—REV.

'Of these insects, (at Bushehr, generally called Maig, and sometimes Melekh,) one kind is distinguished by the epithet *hhelál*, the eating of it being 'lawful'; the other is *hharam*, or 'forbidden'; this is smaller and more destructive than the *melekh hhelal*, from which it differs also in colour.

'The Arabs prepare a dish of locusts, by boiling them with salt, and mixing a little oil, butter, or fat; they sometimes toast them before a fire, or soak them in warm water, and without any further culinary process, devour almost every part except the wings. I have myself eaten several locusts variously cooked, and thought them by no means unpalatable; in flavour, they seemed to me like a lobster, or rather a shrimp; one neither offensively stale, nor absolutely fresh.

'Whatever damages the locusts may have done in this visitation, were probably compensated by the repast which they afforded to thousands of people. But in many countries of Asia, in Africa, and even in some parts of Europe, they have often carried with them not only famine but pestilence; destroying leaves and fruits, corn, herbage, and every thing that wore a vegetable appearance; while they caused infectious diseases by the putrefaction of their bodies.'

Bushehr did not furnish one valuable manuscript to our author, but he collected many gems and medals, and two marbles of Persepolitan sculptures, and three pieces of baked clay, covered with lines in the *arrow* or *nail-headed* character, which were found on the place where Babylon once stood.

Many discoveries have recently been made in the neighbourhood of Bushehr, such as, remains of canals, aqueducts, and wells; engraved stones, beads, and arrow heads; bricks inscribed with characters; vases formed of clay and filled with the seeds of the plant *tulah*, or mal-lows; earthen urns containing the remains of human bodies; and ruins have been lately observed near the village of Abádah, among which were a staircase, leading to vaults or chambers considered as sepulchral. Sir William Ouseley assisted in digging up three urns, which were found not more than two feet below the surface; they lay horizontally, and in the direction of east and west. One of them was, in circumference, two feet nine inches, and its length, three feet four inches; a skull and some bones of the human body were found in a second. The whole of them were made of clay and were about an inch in thickness; the insides appeared blackish, and had evidently been coated with some bituminous substance; but the urns exhibited no inscriptions, by which their degree of antiquity might be ascertained, but they must certainly have been the remains of some people, who inhabited the Persian coast, before the introduction of the religion of Mohammed, as to enclose in such receptacles the remains of human beings, has not at any time been the practice of Mohammedans.

The porters of this part of Persia possess considerable bodily strength. Our author relates that—

'One, unassisted, brought from the town to the camp, the body and most other parts of a curricle, in its case; forming a load, that three persons, unaccustomed to carry moderate weights, could scarcely lift; he also pushed a cask of wine up several steps, to do which, the united efforts of three or four others had failed. This man, however, was reckoned the strongest of a race distinguished for muscular powers.'

(To be continued.)

Views of Society and Manners in the North of Ireland, in a Series of Letters, written in the Year 1818. By John Gamble, Esq. 8vo. pp. 423. London, 1819.

As the author of 'Irish Sketches,' 'Sarsfield,' and

'Northern Irish Tales,' Mr. Gamble is already known to the public, but whatever reputation he may have acquired by these works, it is not likely to be increased by the present production, which is as fine a specimen of modern book-making as could be wished for. Mr. Gamble, in his eagerness to embrace all subjects, religious, political, dramatic, poetical, &c., seems, unfortunately, to have forgotten the main point, for there is as little real information as to the 'society and manners of the north of Ireland' in this volume, as might be met with in a promiscuous Irish newspaper. It is true, we have anecdotes of Dr. Herschel and Miss O'Neil, Mr. Plunkett, and a somnambulist, with panegyries on Bonaparte and the Princess Charlotte—but of the manners of the Irish we could not glean more than two or three passages in the whole volume. Of these, the best is the description of Lough Derg:—

'I was yesterday on a pilgrimage to Lough Derg, and, like the pilgrimage of life, a wearisome business I found it. Lough Derg is a lake among these immense mountains, in which there are several little islands, one of which is called the Holy one. It likewise goes under the name of St. Patrick's Purgatory, I presume from some traditional association with that distinguished saint.'

'Lough Derg has long been famous in the religious annals of this country, and at one period it was visited by foreigners from the remotest parts. A few stragglers still come from England, and even France, but as much I should suppose from curiosity as from devotion. The Irish pilgrims still flock from all parts of the kingdom, and are almost as numerous and zealous as ever. Yet less, perhaps, than any other, the Irish peasant should do supererogatory penance, for his life to most would be a perpetual one.'

The party was a large one, and consisted both of males and females; the path lay over heathy hills, and along dark and narrow glens; after a couple of hours walking, they had a distant view of the lake and its holy island, and after an interval of rest, they advanced to the border of the lake, and proceeded in the ferry-boat to their destination, where they saw swarms of pilgrims, their heads loosely bound with varied coloured handkerchiefs, waving in the mountain wind.

'The holy spot had all the ruggedness of barbarity without its grandeur. The wild shrubs and brambles, which decked the surrounding land and adjacent islands, were torn away or trod under foot; and, instead of those green eminences on which fancy loves to dwell, all was bare rock, which was not covered with a small chapel and a few detached houses, or concealed by the crowd of pilgrims who stood or kneeled on it.'

'The imagination clothes the pilgrim with the radiance of those days when princes and nobles were of the number, and wandered over wastes and deserts to worship their Saviour on the spot where he had purchased their salvation with his blood. The palmer's weeds and holy branch, emblems of his devotion, come sanctified to us by the heart's kindest associations, and the joyful sounds of peace upon earth, and good will to all men, sound sweeter to us as we remember that, in days long past, a musical instrument was the way-worn pilgrim's staff. But we view him with indifference, or recoil from him, even with a walking stick in his hand, and in the ordinary dress of the days in which we live.'

'The island is little more than an acre in circumference, and was literally strewn with the more zealous pilgrims, who, on their bare knees, performed their devotions, and moved about in ceaseless activity, and crossed each other in mazes intricate and interwoven, but I doubt not regular. The hum of their voices, as they repeated their prayers and counted their rosaries, resembled the buzz of bees, or the sound of flies on a summer's day. As I looked down from the crag on which I

was standing, on these poor creatures, each intent on his own happiness, and upwards to the misty sky, and round on the bleak hills, on whose bare bosoms rested the grey clouds of gathering storm, I felt my heart swell with unutterable emotions, as I compared the littleness of man with the greatness of the nature in which he moves and has his being, and which seems not only not to regard, but even to be unknowing of him.'

'It was, indeed, a scene which John Knox, had he been living and present, would not have contemplated with much complacency; for nothing was omitted "even to the conjuring of the accursed water." I was myself plentifully be-sprinkled with it, and, could it have made me as those around me were, I should gladly have been plunged in the lake. Not many years ago, it was the winding-up of the pilgrimage to jump in with the clothes on. This is now altogether laid aside, as several of those poor pilgrims took a speedier road to that well of heavenly water which they thirsted after, in consequence of so rude an immersion*.'

Mr. Gamble's description of the Giant's Causeway is the tamest we ever read; indeed, he confesses himself unable to appreciate its grandeur by a defective vision, and we suspect, as unable to describe it by a feeble pen. There is, however, no doubt that the natives of this part of Ireland think much too highly of it, and no wonder, when they really believe that it is continued under the sea to Scotland, and that it is 'the path by which those Irish Tritons made war on the Highland gods.'

Miss O'Neil, we are told, was either a native or brought up in the town of Dundalk:—

'Her father was the manager of some little party which played in a brewhouse or barn there; and a hundred times the gentleman has seen her, when a little girl, running about bare-footed and bare-legged. As she grew up, she became the heroine of this humble theatre, and played with great applause in tragedy, comedy, and farce. On one of these occasions, Mr. Talbot happened to be present, and was so struck with the promise of the young actress, that he carried her with him to Belfast; and I have reason to believe that to his instructions he attributes much of her unparalleled success: but this is idle; genius like Miss O'Neil's must, sooner or later, have blazed forth, and required little other teaching than itself. She was afterwards brought to Dublin as a substitute for Miss Smith, and I know not that she was regarded as an equivalent one.'

We feel much pleasure in inserting the following anecdote of this excellent actress, as there have been some rumours that she was of a very contrary disposition:—

'A shopkeeper, to whom she and her father were indebted for various acts of kindness, fell lately into indigence; she sent for him to London, and having supported him for some time in her own house, gave him money again to commence business.'

Of a somnambulist we have the following story, related to the author by Dr. Gregory, formerly professor at Edinburgh:—

'On board one of the transports, which took out troops during the American war, there was a young officer, who spoke aloud in his sleep, and got up and lay down; and, though his eyes were close shut to objects, his ears were open to sounds. In a crowded transport, so singular a peculiarity could not long escape observation; nor in the society of young and thoughtless officers could it fail to be played upon. Whenever they were disposed to amuse themselves, they would approach the poor sleeper's birth, and halloo in his ears that the enemy was coming, and bid him defend himself. Instantly, his

* In our next we shall give a curious and more circumstantial account of the penances of Lough Derg, as they were performed half a century ago, than Mr. Gamble has furnished us with.—Ed.

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thoughts would take the direction intended, and he would throw his arms out, as if brandishing a sword. When his tormentors had entertained themselves long enough with this mock combat, they could at once change the element of his suffering, by telling him that the vessel was sinking, and desiring him to strike out boldly, and try to save himself. As suddenly, he would imitate all the movements of one who swims, and turn to the right or left, or on his face or back, as he was directed. But even in sleep, it is easier to inflict pain than to give pleasure; and when these mischievous young men became tired of persecuting him, and spoke of conquest or safety, the words dropped pointless on his ear. He still continued restless and agitated, nor could he get rid of this singular night-mare, which so rudely bestrode him, until he was awaked by force.'

A tradition at Newtown Stewart appears to unite an anecdote lately revived in the newspapers*, and the well-known rumour of the pig-faced lady, of which we had so much talk in London, a few years ago:—

'Near the town, [Newtown Stewart,] are the ruins of an old castle, where, in ages past, one of those Lilliputian sovereigns, in which Ireland then abounded, kept, it is said, his court. He was called by a name, which, in Irish, signifies cross or wicked; and that the epithet was a merited one, the following story will shew:—He had a sister, who is represented as having an elegant form, but the head of a swine; and was therefore called, the female monster. The monarch, anxious to get rid of an object that hurt his feelings, and mortified his pride, adopted the plan of offering her in marriage to any person who should propose for her, but on the rude condition, that after having seen her, he should either marry her or be hanged. Accordingly, nineteen persons, among whom was a captive prince, who had agreed to the terms, were all executed on the platform before the castle; and, tradition says, the twentieth and last person, who proposed for her, was the son of his own cow-herd, but who, on seeing her, immediately exclaimed, "cur sous me, cur sous me," of which the English is, "hang me! hang me!" This ancient sovereign, it should seem, was of a grovelling as well as cruel disposition, for he spared the cow-herd, and had the poor princess hanged in his room.'

Mr. Gamble is an Irishman; this we should have suspected, by his bulls and his blarney; but he does not possess the best characteristics of his countrymen, very few of whom will join him in 'almost wishing' that that illustrious Irishman, the Duke of Wellington, whom he calls 'the Phoenix of modern generals,' had 'fallen on the plains of Waterloo.'

If, after the present specimen, Mr. Gamble should again feel the *cacoethes scribendi*, we conjure him for his own sake, for the sake of such of his friends as may compliment him with reading his works, and for the sake of our humble selves, whom he has dragged—painfully dragged, through four hundred and twenty-three octavo pages, that he will keep to fiction—here he may sin less; but, at all events, we entreat him to write no more views of society and manners, to which he has, in the present instance, proved himself so totally incompetent.

The Life of the Right Honourable John Philpot Curran, late Master of the Rolls in Ireland. By his son, William Henry Curran, Barrister at Law. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 980. London, 1819.

No sooner was the subject of this memoir in his grave, than some of his acquaintance, and who, consequently, must have been often witnesses of his talents and his wit,

* See the anecdote in the 'Bee' of the present number.—ED.

seized the opportunity to retail all the anecdotes they could remember, under the titles of 'Recollections,' or 'Memoirs' of Curran; these were read with that avidity which the well known and highly respected talents of Curran could not fail of ensuring, but still, in order to estimate truly the character of this distinguished orator and patriot, a more intimate acquaintance was necessary than that of meeting him in the courts of law, or in the hours of mirth and conviviality—such an acquaintance his son certainly possessed, and no one could so properly become his biographer; one objection might, however, be made, this—that the near relationship might naturally be supposed to have an influence scarcely consistent with that strict impartiality which might be deemed necessary; but whoever reads the volumes before us, while they will remark the strong filial affection which is breathed in every page, will admit that it does not appear to have interfered with the fidelity of the biographer. The work is well written, and the numerous anecdotes, remarkable incidents, and striking events in which Curran participated, are narrated in a clear, distinct, and connected manner.

John Philpot Curran was born on the 24th of July, 1750, at Newmarket, an obscure town in the county of Cork. His father, James Curran, was seneschal of a manor court at Newmarket, and possessed acquirements above his station, being familiar with the Greek and Latin Classics. His mother, whose maiden name was Philpot, was of a good family, and a woman of strong original understanding; to her Mr. Curran attributed much of his subsequent fortune. 'The only inheritance' he used to say, 'that I could boast of from my poor father, was the very scanty one of an unattractive face and person like his own; and if the world has ever attributed to me something more valuable than face or person, or than earthly wealth, it was that another dear parent gave her child a portion from the treasure of her mind.'

John Philpot, the eldest son, gave very early indications of superior genius, and was placed under the tuition of the Rev. Nathaniel Boyse, the resident clergyman at Newmarket. The rapid progress that he made, under this gentleman's instructions, induced his parents to give him a learned education; he was sent to the free-school of Middleton, where he attained the preparatory knowledge of Greek and Latin, necessary to become a student of Trinity College, Dublin, which he entered as a sizer, in 1769, being then 19 years old, and soon obtained a scholarship. It was during the second year of his college studies, that he fixed on the profession of the law, much to the grief of his mother, who regretted that 'a noble preacher was lost to the church,' and who on afterwards being consoled by the prospect of his becoming a Judge, replied 'Don't speak to me of judges. John was fit for any thing; and, had he but followed our advice, it might hereafter be written upon my tomb, that I had died the mother of a bishop.'

A singular incident suggested the change of profession to young Curran. He had committed some breach of the College regulations, for which he was sentenced, by Dr. Patrick Duigenan, the censor, to translate into Latin a number of the Spectator; but this not being ready on the appointed day, he was condemned to produce a Latin oration *in laudem decori*, from the pulpit in the college chapel. This, Curran made a mock ideal of perfection, which the doctor instantly recognized to be a glaring satire upon himself. The offender was summoned before the

provost, and, with great ingenuity, softened down the libel so successfully as to be dismissed with a slight reproof. His companions flocked round him to hear the particulars of his acquittal. He reported them all that he had said, ‘and all that he had not said, but that he might have said,’ and impressed them with so high an idea of his legal dexterity, that they declared, by common acclamation, that the bar, and the bar alone, was the proper profession. He accepted the omen and never after repented of the decision.

While at college, he distinguished himself by his social powers, and a disposition to subtle disputation and metaphysical inquiries. He finished his college studies in 1773, and then became a student of law in the society of the Middle Temple, London. From his boyhood he had a considerable precipitation and confusion of utterance, from which his school-fellows denominated him ‘stuttering Jack Curran,’ nor had he been able to cure this effect when he came to London, and, in his first effort to speak in a debating society, he failed so completely as to cause his friend Apjohn to beg him not to aspire higher than that of a chamber counsel, as nature never intended him for an orator. His own account of his mind having ‘burst the shell,’ after his first failure, is highly interesting :—

‘However, though my friends, even Apjohn, the most sanguine of them, despaired of me, the *cacoethes loquendi* was not to be subdued without a struggle. I was for the present silenced, but I still attended our meetings with the most laudable regularity, and even ventured to accompany the others to a more ambitious theatre, “the Devils of Temple Bar;” where truly may I say, that many a time the Devil’s own work was going forward. Here, warned by fatal experience that a man’s powers may be overstrained, I at first confined myself to a simple “aye or no,” and, by dint of practice and encouragement, brought my tongue to recite these magical elements of parliamentary eloquence with “such sound emphasis and good discretion,” that, in a fortnight’s time, I had completed my education for the Irish senate.

Such was my state, the popular throb just beginning to revisit my heart, when a long-expected remittance arrived from Newmarket; Apjohn dined with me that day, and when the leg of mutton, or rather the bone, was removed, we offered up the libation of an additional glass of punch for the health and length of days (and heaven heard the prayer) of the kind mother that had remembered the necessities of her absent child. In the evening we repaired to “the Devils.” One of them was upon his legs; a fellow of whom it was impossible to decide, whether he was most distinguished by the filth of his person or by the flippancy of his tongue; just such another as Harry Flood would have called ‘the highly gifted gentleman with the dirty cravat and greasy pantaloons.* I found this learned personage in the act of calumniating chronology by the most preposterous anachronisms, and (as I believe I shortly after told him) traducing the illustrious dead by affecting a confidential intercourse with them, as he would with some nobleman, *his very dear friend*, behind his back, who, if present, would indignantly repel the imputation of so insulting an intimacy. He descended upon Demosthenus, the glory of the Roman forum; spoke of Tully as the famous cotemporary and rival of Cicero; and, in the short space of one half hour, transported the straits of Marathon three several times to the plains of Thermopylae. Thinking that I had a right to know something of these matters, I looked at him with

* Mr. Curran here alluded to the celebrated Mr. Flood’s custom of distinguishing the speakers at the London debating societies by such ludicrous descriptions of their dress, as “the eloquent friend to reform in the thread-bare coat,” “the able supporter of the present ministry with the new pair of boots, &c.”

surprise; and whether it was the money in my pocket, or my classical chivalry, or most probably the supplemental tumbler of punch, that gave my face a smirk of saucy confidence, when our eyes met there was something like wager of battle in mine; upon which the erudite gentleman instantly changed his invective against antiquity into an invective against me, and concluded by a few words of friendly counsel (*horresco referens*) to “orator mum,” who he doubted not possessed wonderful talents for eloquence, although he would recommend him to shew it, in future, by some more popular method than his silence. I followed his advice, and I believe not entirely without effect; for when, upon sitting down, I whispered my friend, that I hoped he did not think my dirty antagonist had come “quite clean off?” “On the contrary, my dear fellow,” said he “every one around me is declaring that it is the first time they ever saw him so well dressed.” So, sir, you see that to try the bird, the spur must touch his blood. Yet, after all, if it had not been for the inspiration of the punch, I might have continued a mute to this hour; so, for the honour of the art, let us have another glass.’

No sooner was the debate ended, than Curran was invited by the president to partake of a *cold collation*, which consisted of bread, cheese, and porter, and he continued a regular attendant and speaker at debating clubs ever after. During his stay in London, Curran’s finances were by no means flourishing; and once, when his purse had attained ‘the last stage of inanition,’ a bill of exchange which he had received was refused payment, on account of a necessary indorsement having been omitted. Thus, disappointed and without a shilling in his pocket, he strolled into St. James’s Park, and, luckily, met with Macklin, the comedian, who, although unknown to him, saw that he deserved a better fate, took him along with him, and relieved his immediate wants.

In his early studies, Mr. Curran was particularly fond of Junius and Lord Bolingbroke; it was from the ‘Letters of Junius’ that he generally declaimed before a glass. Among the English poets, he was passionately fond of ‘Thomson’s Seasons’ and ‘Milton’s Paradise Lost.’

In 1775, Mr. Curran was called to the Irish bar, where the cold and rigorous formality which distinguishes the forensic proceedings in the English courts of law is unknown, and the utmost latitude of ornament and digression is allowed. Our author dedicates a chapter to an examination of this difference between the two countries, which, though sufficiently interesting, must not detain us from pursuing the memoir.

In his first speech at the bar, Mr. Curran was as unsuccessful as at the debating society, for he had only read a short sentence from his instructions, when, being desired to repeat it by the chancellor, Lord Lifford, he became agitated, the brief dropped from his hands, and a friend who sat near him was obliged to read the necessary passage. It was in repelling an unwarrantable attack, and by giving proofs of the proud and indignant spirit with which he could chastise aggression, that he first distinguished himself at the bar. His reputation rapidly increased; but it was not until he had been four or five years at the bar, that his powers, as an advocate, became fully known. His first opportunity of displaying them was in a cause at the Cork Assizes, in which a Roman Catholic priest brought an action against Lord Doneraile, for an assault and battery. So great was the provincial power of this nobleman, that the injured priest could not procure an advocate, until Mr. Curran tendered his services, laid the story of his unmerited wrongs before a jury of his country, and obtained a verdict in his favour,

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In the course of his address to the jury, Mr. Curran had spoken very severely of a M. St. Leger; this produced a duel between them, which established Mr. Curran's character for personal intrepidity.

Mr. Curran had only been seven years at the bar, when he was returned a member to the Irish House of Commons, for the borough of Kilbeggan, his fellow member being the celebrated Mr. Flood, whom he supported in the tempestuous debate on his plan for a reform in Parliament. In 1785, the quarrel took place between the late Lord Clare, (then Mr. Fitzgibbon, the Attorney-General,) and Mr. Curran, an event which deeply affected his future fortunes:—

In a debate on attachments in the Irish House of Commons, (1785,) as Mr. Curran rose to speak against them, perceiving that Mr. Fitzgibbon had fallen asleep on his seat, he thus commenced: “I hope I may say a few words on this great subject without disturbing the sleep of any right honourable member, and yet, perhaps, I ought rather to envy than blame the tranquillity of the right honourable gentleman. I do not feel myself so happily tempered as to be lulled to repose by the storms that shake the land. If they invite rest to any, that rest ought not to be lavished on the guilty spirit*.” Provoked by these expressions, and by the general tenor of the observations that followed, Mr. Fitzgibbon replied to Mr. Curran with much personality, and, among other things, denominated him a *puny babbler*. The latter retorted by the following description of his opponent. “I am not a man whose respect in person and character depends upon the importance of his office; I am not a young man who thrusts himself into the foreground of a picture, which ought to be occupied by a better figure! I am not one who replies with invective when sinking under the weight of argument; I am not a man who denies the necessity of a parliamentary reform at the time that he proves its expediency by reviling his own constituents, the parish-clerk, the sexton, and grave-digger; and if there be any man who can apply what I am not, to himself, I leave him to think of it in the committee, and contemplate upon it when he goes home.” The result of this night’s debate was a duel between Mr. Curran and Mr. Fitzgibbon: after exchanging shots they separated, only confirmed in their feelings of mutual aversion, of which some of the consequences will appear hereafter.

In 1787, Mr. Curran visited France, but saw nothing to alter his preference for his ‘own poor country,’ as he terms it, in one of his letters from Rouen. The following year he went to Holland. When Mr. Fitzgibbon was raised to the rank of chancellor, he used his utmost influence to crush Mr. Curran, by showing to the public that he had not the *ear of the court*; this was a serious injury to the barrister, and he calculates that he lost no less than 30,000l. by the circumstance. Few opportunities occurred for Mr. Curran to hurl defiance on his foe, as they no longer met in the House of Commons, but the occasional style of their warfare in the Court of Chancery may be collected from the following anecdote:—

Lord Clare had a favourite dog, that sometimes followed him to the bench. One day, during an argument of Mr. Curran’s, the chancellor, in the spirit of habitual petulance which distinguished him, instead of attending to the argument, turned his head aside, and began to fondle the dog. The

* Although Mr. Curran appears here to have commenced hostilities, it should be mentioned, that he was apprized of Mr. Fitzgibbon’s having given out, in the ministerial circles, that he should take an opportunity during this debate, in which he knew that Mr. Curran would take a part, of putting down the young patriot. The Duchess of Rutland, and all the ladies of the castle, were present in the gallery to witness what Mr. Curran called, in the course of the debate, “this exhibition by command.”

counsel stopped suddenly in the middle of a sentence—the judge started. “I beg pardon,” said Mr. Curran, “I thought your lordships had been in consultation; but as you have been pleased to resume your attention, allow me to impress upon your excellent understandings, that,—&c.

A contest between the board of aldermen and the common council of the city of Dublin, soon gave Curran an opportunity of retaliating on Lord Clare, in the dignified character of a public avenger, before an audience where every blow was more public and more humiliating. From this period, till the year 1794, Mr. Curran’s public history consists principally of his parliamentary exertions, in which he was a powerful support to the opposition, and, as Lord Charlemont’s biographer, who heard him upon all these occasions, says, ‘he animated every debate with all his powers; that he was copious, splenetic, full of wit, and life, and ardour.’

When Mr. Archibald Hamilton Rowan was prosecuted for a seditious libel, Mr. Curran was his counsel, and his speech in his defence is considered as one of his ablest efforts at the bar; the opening of it bears a striking resemblance to the exordium of Cicero’s defence of Milo.

The trial of the Rev. W. Jackson, for treason, was the next event of importance in which Mr. Curran appeared; Mr. Jackson was a native of Ireland and a clergyman of the established church. At the period of the French Revolution, he passed over to Paris, where he formed political connections with the ruling powers there, and returned to London in 1794, for the purpose of procuring information as to the invasion of England. In London, he renewed an intimacy with an attorney of the name of Cockayne, who still lives with, though he never will survive, the memory of his infamy; he accompanied Jackson to Ireland, by the desire of Mr. Pitt, to whom he had betrayed his friend, and, as soon as the evidence of his treason was mature, announced himself as a witness for the crown. Mr. Jackson was tried, convicted, and brought up for judgment on the 30th of April, 1795, but having previously taken poison, he sunk in the dock and expired. He had previously beckoned to his counsel to approach him, and making an effort to squeeze him with his damp and nerveless hand, uttered, in a whisper, and with a smile of mournful triumph, the dying words of Pierre,—

‘We have deceived the senate.’

An anecdote, so honourable to the unfortunate Jackson, occurred, while in prison, that we cannot omit inserting it, especially as it forms a very striking contrast to the conduct of Mr. Archibald Rowan, who escaped from prison, and left the poor gaoler to be ruined, a circumstance not related in these volumes. During Mr. Jackson’s confinement, he was treated with great indulgence, and had permission to see his friends:—

‘A short time before his trial, one of these remained with him to a very late hour of the night; when he was about to depart, Mr. Jackson accompanied him as far as the place where the gaoler usually waited upon such occasions, until all his prisoners’ visitors should have retired. They found the gaoler in a profound sleep, and the keys of the prison lying beside him. “Poor fellow!” said Mr. Jackson, taking up the keys, “let us not disturb him; I have already been too troublesome to him in this way.” He accordingly proceeded with his friend to the outer door of the prison, which he opened. Here the facility of escaping naturally struck him,—he became deeply agitated; but, after a moment’s pause, “I could do it,” said he, “but what would be the consequences to you, and to the poor fellow within, who has been so kind to

me? No; let me rather meet my fate." He said no more, but locking the prison door again, returned to his apartment. It should be added, that the gentleman, out of consideration for whom such an opportunity was sacrificed, gave a proof upon this occasion that he deserved it. He was fully aware of the legal consequences of aiding in the escape of a prisoner committed under a charge of high treason, and felt that, in the present instance, it would have been utterly impossible for him to disprove the circumstantial evidence that would have appeared against him; yet he never uttered a syllable to dissuade his unfortunate friend. He, however, considered the temptation to be so irresistible, that, expecting to find the prisoner, upon farther reflection, availing himself of it, he remained all night outside the prison door, with the intention, if Mr. Jackson should escape, of instantly flying from Ireland.

Mr. Curran's defence of Mr. Peter Finnerty, for a libel, in 1797, is one of the most brilliant of his forensic effusions. When he came to comment upon that part of the publication under trial, which stated that informers were brought forward by the hopes of remuneration, he gave a fine portrait of those worst of monsters:—

"Is that," said he, "a foul assertion? or will you, upon your oaths, say to the sister country, that there are no such abominable instruments of destruction as informers used in the state prosecutions in Ireland? Let me honestly ask you, what do you feel, when, in my hearing—when, in the face of this audience, you are called upon to give a verdict that every man of us, and every man of you, know, by the testimony of your own eyes, to be utterly and absolutely false? I speak not now of the public proclamations for informers, with a promise of secrecy and extravagant reward.—I speak not of those unfortunate wretches, who have been so often transferred from the table to the dock, and from the dock to the pillory—I speak of what your own eyes have seen, day after day, during the course of this commission, while you attended this court—the number of horrid miscreants who acknowledged, upon their oaths, that they had come from the seat of government—from the very chambers of the Castle, (where they had been worked upon, by the fear of death and the hopes of compensation, to give evidence against their fellows,) that the mild, the wholesome, and merciful councils of this government, are holden over those catacombs of living death, where the wretch, that is buried a *man*, lies till his heart has time to fester and dissolve, and is then dug up a *witness*. Is this a picture created by an hag ridden fancy, or is it fact? Have you not seen him, after his resurrection from that tomb, make his appearance upon your table, the living image of life and death, and the supreme arbiter of both? Have you not marked, when he entered, how the stormy wave of the multitude retired at his approach? Have you not seen how the human heart bowed to the awful supremacy of his power, in the undissembled homage of deferential horror? How his glance, like the lightning of Heaven, seemed to rive the body of the accused, and mark it for the grave, while his voice warned the devoted wretch of woe and death—a death which no innocence can escape, no art elude, no force resist, no antidote prevent? There was an antidote—a juror's oath! But even that adamantine chain, which bound the integrity of man to the throne of eternal justice, is solved and molten in the breath which issues from the mouth of the informer. Conscience swings from her moorings; the appalled and affrighted juror speaks what his soul abhors, and consults his own safety in the surrender of the victim—

— et quæ sibi quisque timebat
Unius in miseri exitium conversa tulere.

Informers are worshipped in the temple of justice, even as the devil has been worshipped by Pagans and savages—even so, in this wicked country, is the informer an object of judicial idolatry—even so is he soothed by the music of human groans—even so is he placated and incensed by the fumes and by the blood of human sacrifices."

(To be continued.)

Nature displayed in her Mode of Teaching Language to Man; being a New and Infallible Method of acquiring Languages with unparalleled rapidity, deduced from the Analysis of the Human Mind, and consequently suited to every Capacity. Adapted to the French. To which is prefixed, a Development of the Author's Plan of Tuition, differing entirely from every other. By N. G. Dufief. A New and Stereotyped Edition, considerably improved and enlarged. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 1249. London, 1819.

IN proportion as a knowledge of literature and science has been extended during the last half century, the means of acquiring it have been facilitated; and the principles of education have become better known, and plans of instruction discovered, which have given to ordinary minds a superiority which they formerly could never have acquired.

Considerable improvement had already taken place in this respect, so far as related to teaching on a systematic method, and the advantages of useful elementary treatises, when the plan of Dr. Bell or Mr. Lancaster threatened an entire revolution in the system of education. That this system has contributed to the instruction of thousands, who, without it, would have remained in entire ignorance, is unquestionable, but we suspect it rather inapplicable to teaching languages, or the higher branches of science.

While, however, the Madras system, as it is called, has been making rapid progress, and the two gentlemen who first introduced it into this country have been and are still disputing the claim of priority, a third enters the field, not to wrest from them the honours of their own system, but to supersede it by one which possesses much more originality, and is much superior.

In thus speaking of the system of Mr. Dufief, which is the system of nature itself, we will confess, that when the first edition of his work was published, we were not much struck with the advantages of his plan; and the appearance of two bulky octavo volumes, in which it was developed, had almost deterred us from entering into an examination of it; but, lest that should be the case with others, it is an act of justice to the author to state, that the principles of the plan are luminously detailed in the introduction, and that the remainder of the work contains, not only the application of those principles, but also a complete library in itself, fully sufficient for the student's acquiring a perfect knowledge of the French language.

The difference between the plans of Mr. Dufief, Dr. Bell, and Mr. Lancaster, are sufficiently obvious. Mr. Dufief's plan 'disclaims all agency of monitors or under-teachers, and cannot tolerate the division of schools into classes; while classes and monitors, or under-teachers, are essential to the system of Mr. Lancaster.' The advantage of this is, that by an ingenious contrivance of Mr. Dufief, all the scholars, however numerous, are a check upon each other, and all under the immediate eye of the teacher.

For instructing a great number at the same time, this plan is admirably calculated; its merits have already received the stamp of approbation in several parts of the united kingdom, over the whole of which we doubt not but it will extend itself, since it does not confine itself merely to teaching the French language, but is applicable to any other; and we find that a high authority in Calcutta has expressed his opinion of its efficacy in teaching the Persian, Hindoo, and other languages. For private tuition, the plan is said to be equally suited, since, among one of the improvements of this second edition, is a 'sys-

tem of pronunciation, by means of which an Englishman, though deprived of the assistance of an instructor, may acquire the French pronunciation.'

It will not lessen the merit of Mr. Dufief's plan with a British public, and it is honourable to his candour to state, that he traces the principles of it to our immortal countryman, John Locke, to whom and to Bacon, he says, 'his mind is indebted for its chief strength, and his exertions for all their success.' We shall not enter into any analysis of Mr. Dufief's system, which is so amply detailed in these volumes, in a clear and perspicuous manner, but shall conclude with remarking, that, independent of that part of it which is more immediately devoted to its development, the remainder of the volumes contain some judicious selections from the best French writers, which are all rendered subservient to the grand design, that of making the student acquire a perfect knowledge of the French language, in as little time and at as small expense as possible.

Foreign Literature.

OUR readers will recollect, that during the last session of Parliament, a motion was made in Parliament for printing, at the joint expense of this country and France, the valuable Trigonometrical and Logarithmic Tables of the Bureau of Longitude, at Paris. We now learn from the French journals, that there is no doubt of the enterprise being carried into execution. The members of the Bureau of Longitude, have received orders from government to form, in conjunction with the *savans* of London, all the necessary arrangements for the purpose. M. de Prony, of the Institute, is the author of the tables, and Didot is to be the printer. The half of the copies, which are to fall to the share of the French government, are to be distributed among the different public libraries, and other national establishments throughout France. We trust, that a conduct equally liberal, will be followed by our own government.

The Black Vampyre; a Legend of St. Domingo. By Uriah Derick D'Arcy. 18mo. New York, 1819.

THE prime object of this animated burlesque is to ridicule that morbid compound of spleen and nonsense, called the *Vampyre*, which has been falsely ascribed to the pen of Lord Byron. The Black Vampyre is vigorously conceived: it exhibits a clear perception and just estimate of the absurdity of its prototype: and displays an imagination and comic force, abundantly grotesque and vivacious, for the contrivance of scenery and incident and the limning of character.

It is a fair hit at that complaisant credulity in the community, which cunning publishers have so extensively played upon to their emolument; and it strikingly exposes the preposterous nature of that *Demogorgon* taste, which can relish nothing but distortion and ferocity: a taste, which can be gratified by no sentiments or deeds, but such as possess the pungency of wickedness;—and can sympathise with no characters, but such as owe their energy to the most unclean propensities, and to passions of unannealed and pagan rigour.

Besides the forcible ridicule of the sentimental horrors now so much the vogue, the writer of the Black Vampyre

has, also, treated, with a sarcastic contempt which they well deserve, some prevailing customs, which, though they may not be necessarily connected with the corruptions of literature, are, nevertheless, of a congenial spirit, and exhibit features still more noxious and loathsome. Duelling and boxing, among others, are alluded to; particularly the former; and the actual deportment of *some great personages now alive*, may be fairly considered, for dignity of sentiment and chastity of humour, as about upon a par with that which is recorded in the 26th page of this facetious performance of three heroic and high-minded Vampyres.

Among the many barbed arrows, which our satyr has discharged from his good yew-tree bow one is directed, and with right aim, at that orator, poet, advocate, philosopher, and biographer, the great counsellor Phillips. High as that enormous genius soars, the shaft has struck him.

'So have I seen upon another shore,
Another lion give a grievous roar:
And the last lion thought the first a boar!'

FRENCH WITS AND ENGLISH LOAN CONTRACTORS.

When Messrs. Barings and the bankers in Paris had the contest about the last loan, for paying the Allied Powers, a paper in manuscript was circulated in Paris, that was intended to ridicule the English loan contractors, and, as it actually contains a good hint to the English nation, we shall translate it.—Ridicule sometimes succeeds when reason fails, and, in the year 1720, when all the people in London were mad with new projects—of which Anderson, in his History of Commerce, enumerates above one hundred, the absurdity of them was in vain reasoned upon, and they still increased in number, till proposals were published, in all due form, for making good solid deals from saw-dust; this saw-dust scheme made the dupes see through the absurdity of their projects, in which they had purchased shares—and the delusion ended in a very singular way. Cervantes, by his admirable history of *Don Quixote*, gave the death blow to Knight Errantry, and, as the sending money from one country to another is a most destructive practice, we hope that the paper in question may have an effect upon English speculators.

PROPOSED ESTABLISHMENT FOR MUTUAL RELIEF.

Whereas the English are very much in want of employment for their idle money, are anxious to lend only at a high rate of interest, without caring much whether the capital will ever be repaid or not, and whereas, also, the French have a great desire to borrow, without being very anxious to repay the capital, nothing would more effectually relieve the mutual wants of the two nations, than to form an establishment, for the purpose of enabling the English to lend their money at a high rate of interest, and the French to borrow the same.

Such an establishment must be particularly useful, and agreeable to the English at this time, as lately they insisted on the advantage of exclusively lending money to France, without permitting any Frenchman to furnish a single franc. Open hostilities had nearly broken out which should be the lender—the contest ended without bloodshed, the proud English (*les fiers Anglois*) gained the day. To prevent in future such scandalous scenes—the English

will be furnished with means of employing their money in any quantity they please.

The objects for which they will at present be allowed to furnish money, are:—

Twenty-five millions to finish the Tuilleries and the Louvre.

Fifteen millions for the Fountain of the Elephant, on the spot where the Bastile stood.

One hundred and fifty millions a-year, regularly, in order to cut 170 different canals, much wanted in France; this to continue ten years.

One hundred million to repair churches, and furnish them with bells, organs, and silver plate, destroyed during the revolution.

The interest to be paid not to be less than 9½ per cent. and the different works undertaken to be mortgaged for the payment, and, in case of any deficiency, the mayor and prefects to find means to supply the sums wanting.

As France is much in want of artillery, and Paris of water pipes, the English to furnish both, and, instead of being paid, to receive interest for their value.

As the French navy is greatly diminished from the battle of Trafalgar, it is in contemplation to allow the English to lend 1000 millions for the purpose of building a fleet of 300 ships of different sizes—but this project is not yet ripe.

When those objects are completed, premiums will be offered to the members of the Institution, for discovering new objects—for the employment of English capital.

N. B.—There is to be a sinking fund attached to each loan separately, the mode of raising the fund to be established by a law—and regulations for that purpose.

The fact is, a company from England did make great attempts to supply Paris with water pipes of cast iron, but the jealousy of the French prevented it from taking place.

Original Correspondence.

ON THE DURATION OF BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—The present duration of Bartholomew Fair demands the exercise of legislative inquiry; by reference to the charters, and other original documents, it is evident, that this fair should continue only two days, exclusive of the day on which it is proclaimed. Bartholomew Fair was originally granted by privilege to the priory of St. Bartholomew, by King Henry the Second, to be kept yearly at Bartholomew tide, for ‘three days, to wit, *the eve, the day, and the next morrow.*’ Succeeding monarchs confirmed this charter, stating its duration to be three days: the charter of Charles the First does not declare the time of its duration, but, being a charter of confirmation only, cannot authorize any subsequent extension. Such a mischievous error appeared to afford a ridiculous pretext for the continuance of the fair for the extravagant length of *fourteen days*, until restrained by proclamation, appearing in the Gazette of August 2d, 1794. It has since been continued four days, instead of three, although many public remonstrances have been made upon the subject. And those inconsiderate persons, who are always punctiliously cautious in departing from any old enactment, even though necessity should require it, cannot object to a declaratory statute, (if the vigilance and determination of

the chief magistrate should prove insufficient for the purpose,) authorizing the fair to continue only for three days, which was the original period fixed for its duration. In such case, the present ridiculous ceremony of proclamation might be conveniently dispensed with. And, although well convinced that its total repeal is very necessary, I should prefer its continuance for a day less, to its present unwarranted extension.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Sept. 6th, 1819. Your's very obediently,

J. P. T.

MONOPOLY AND ADULTERATION.

THERE are two mighty personages who are suffered to molest mankind, and injure society, and their names are Monopoly and Adulteration. The one is avaricious and wealthy; the other, subtle and dangerous. Both, are man's common enemies. The one is the titulary god who presides over Price; the other, who deteriorates Quality. Monopoly is well known at Mark Lane, Smithfield, Covent Garden, and Billingsgate; adulteration, at mills, breweries, tea-warehouses, distilleries, wine-cellars, and bakehouses. In short, there are few articles of sale or consumption, but which are either controlled or affected by them. Commerce and Agriculture are influenced by their vigilant interpositions, and directed through the channels of their artifice. Monopoly crushes the poor with as little concern as a ponderous stone destroys the worm; distress, hunger, and misfortune, tremble and perish within his power. Adulteration infuses poison into the stout man's drink, mixes pernicious ingredients with his daily food, and health yielding by degrees, to the destructive use, he becomes an early victim to the grave. Where conscience is stifled and human principle absent, Monopoly and Adulteration are most successful. To evade the duties of government they practice, and to avoid detection; the one is before-hand with his riches to tempt the necessitous, and the other, secretly concealed, like an assassin at night, preparing potions and drugs for the substitution of that which is wholesome, and the increase of that which is scarce. But, speaking more painfully and more plainly, Monopolists and Adulterators are very numerous in every class of society. And are not the laws sufficient to bring these offenders to justice?—Yes, when they are taken, they are heavily fined, but ‘as a dog returns to his vomit,’ so do they return to their dirty work again.’ Physicians recommend temperance and exercise to prevent disease. Were a duty laid on the deleterious articles used, of which complaint is made, the practices would be lessened, if the evils not entirely removed; and let some corporal punishment be also inflicted on the offenders; for, although the revenue may not be so much benefited, the human race would be improved. This is an argument which outweighs the eloquence of senates, and will stand like a pillar against the policy of nations. Intellectual knowledge is not imparted to instruct men to prey on each other, but to amalgamate into universal happiness.

J. R. P.

AERONAUTICS.

A novel scene was recently presented at New York.—For the first time in America, an aeronautic ascension, so often attempted, was actually executed, and in a manner that gave universal satisfaction.

At an early hour in the afternoon, every carriage was in

requisition for the gardens and broadway, the *bowery*, and all the roads leading to that place were crowded, and, at about half past five, all the avenues became impassable. The lower part of the town was nearly depopulated. Every tree, fence, and shed in the vicinity of the garden was covered with spectators anxiously waiting to see the balloon ascend. To gratify those who were in the garden, the balloon was partially inflated about five o'clock, and suspended about ten feet from the ground. At five minutes past six, it was completely inflated, and immediately rose about forty feet, in which situation it was suffered to remain but a short time. At eighteen minutes past six, Mr. Guille advanced to the centre of the circle, and, after making some little examination of the cords which connected the parachute with the balloon, he took leave of his wife, bowed gracefully to the spectators, and took his position in the basket. In an instant, the balloon began to ascend. The parachute was evidently lower on one side than the other, and much apprehension was felt for the safety of the voyager. At the moment of ascending, a gust of wind sprung up from the Northwest, and drove the balloon directly over the tall poplars in the garden, so that the basket was forced upon them and carried off some of the small branches. On clearing the trees the finest scene was presented ; the balloon ascended with majesty and rapidity to a great height, the wind wafting it towards Long Island. In less than ten minutes, the parachute was detached from the balloon, and was seen for nearly half an hour gradually descending, apparently over Long Island—the balloon continuing, in the mean time, to ascend till it finally disappeared in the clouds.

Till about nine o'clock in the evening, much anxiety was manifested for the fate of the aeronaut, when it was ascertained that he reached the earth in safety, having landed at Bushwick, near Williamsburg, Long Island, about six miles from Vauxhall Garden. He reached town about half past eight o'clock, with his parachute, in perfect health and spirits.

By an ordinance recently issued by the police of France, the use of these balloons, called *Montgolfiers*, and in general of all balloons which are elevated by means of a fire suspended under their orifice, is in future specially interdicted ; every aeronaut is ordered to provide himself with a parachute, and no ascension is to be permitted later in the evening than an hour before sunset. This regulation has been made in consequence of the melancholy accident, by which Madame Blanchard lost her life, when making an ascent, in Paris, a few weeks ago.

Biography.

JAMES WATT, ESQ.

If to have made the most important discovery of modern times, rendered the most lasting benefits to his country, increased, independently, the mass of human comforts and enjoyments, and rendered cheap and accessible, all over the world, the materials of wealth and prosperity ; if to have armed the feeble hand of man with a power to which no limits can be assigned, completed the dominion of mind over the most refractory qualities of matter, and laid a sure foundation for all those future miracles of mechanic power which are to aid and reward the labours of after generations ; if all these are claims to immortality,

then will the fame of Watt be perpetuated by the discovery of the steam engine.

It may, perhaps, be said that Mr. Watt was only the improver of the steam engine ; but, in truth, as to all that is admirable in its structure, or vast in its utility, he deserves the title of inventor. ‘ It was by his inventions, that its action was so regulated as to make it capable of being applied to the finest and most delicate manufactures, and its power so increased as to set weight and solidity at defiance. By his admirable contrivances, it has become a thing stupendous, alike for its force and its flexibility—for the prodigious power which it can exert, and the ease, and precision, and ductility, with which it can be varied, distributed, and applied. The trunk of an elephant, that can pick up a pin or rend an oak, is as nothing to it. It can engrave a seal, and crush matters of obdurate metal like wax before it,—draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer, and lift a ship of war like a bauble in the air. It can embroider muslin, and forge anchors,—cut steel into ribbands, and impel loaded vessels against the fury of the winds and waves*.’

As the name of Watt is so completely identified with the steam engine, to the continued improvement of which the best part of a long life was devoted, a short history of this wonderful invention cannot here be deemed misplaced.

It has been generally admitted, that the principle of the steam engine was discovered by the Marquis of Worcester, and described by him in his ‘ Century of Inventions ;’ but Mr. Millington, in his lectures at the Royal Institution on this subject, stated, that he had heard of a still older writer, an Italian, by whom the principle, at least, was mentioned, so early as 1639. The marquis’s curious work was published in 1663, but it was not until nearly forty years after that any application of the principle was made,

This was by a Mr. Savery, who obtained a patent for an ‘ engine for raising water by fire.’ Mr. Savery applied his machine to the draining of the tin mines in Cornwall, and, in most instances, where the depth was not considerable, he succeeded. He has set forth the nature and principles of his engine in a very explicit manner, in a little work entitled, ‘ The Mariner’s Friend,’ printed in 1702.

The limited success of Mr. Savery excited the attention of several ingenious mechanics, among whom were Mr. Newcomen, an ironmonger, a man of considerable reading, who was well acquainted with the celebrated Dr. Hooke, and his writings and projects ; and Mr. Crawley, a glazier, of Dartmouth, in Devonshire. After many ingenious improvements, Mr. Savery, Mr. Newcomen, and Mr. Crawley, united, and obtained a patent, in 1705, for that particular machine which has ever since been known by the name of Newcomen’s engine.

The great difference between Savery’s original engine and Newcomen’s improved one, is, that the former raises water by the force of steam, but, in the latter, the operation is effected by the pressure of the atmosphere, and steam is employed merely as the most expeditious method of producing a vacuum, in which the atmospherical pressure may impel the first mover of the machine. Another superiority of Newcomen’s engine over that of Savery was in the moderate heat required to work it, and the consequent less expense of fuel ; its form also rendered it applicable to almost any mechanical purpose.

* The Scotsman, Sept. 4.

Notwithstanding all these improvements, it was seven years before the steam engine ensured the public confidence; considerable difficulty was found in ascertaining the precise moment to open and shut the cocks, until these subordinate movements were simplified by Mr. Beighton, a very ingenious artist in 1717.

The great obstacle to the extensive use of the steam engine at this time, was the prodigious expenditure of coals, as a large one working night and day consumed at the rate of nearly 4,000 chaldron of good coals in a year. A thousand fruitless attempts were made to reduce this consumption, but science was not sufficiently developed for the discovery. At the time that Mr. Watt was called on to notice the steam engine, Dr. Black, whose pupil he had been made, the discovery of *latent heat*, which shewed the way of estimating the relation that subsisted between the heat expended and the quantity of steam produced.

Mr. Watt soon discovered a variety of curious facts relative to the production and condensation of steam; he found that not less than three or four times the quantity of steam was wasted in comparison of that which went to the working of the engine; he made many attempts to diminish this waste, but found that no real and effectual saving could be obtained, so long as the condensation was performed in the cylinder. He attempted it in another place; the experiment was conducted on the simplest plan, and it succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations. He repeated it in a more accurate manner; the condensation was so rapid, that he could scarcely measure the time taken up in the performance of it. The vacuum in the cylinder was according to the hopes he had indulged, almost perfect. The water produced by the condensed steam, and the air extricated from it, required pumps to extract them, which, at length, Mr. Watt succeeded in working by the great beam.

During the progress of these improvements, Mr. Watt made many experiments on the quantity and density of the steam of boiling water. By these he was convinced, that, although he had greatly diminished the waste of steam, yet, that the quantity still expended during the rise of the piston, was at least three times more than would fill the cylinder. Mr. Watt's fertile genius immediately suggested to him the expedient of employing the elasticity of the steam from the boiler, to impel the piston down the cylinder, in place of the pressure of the atmosphere; and, by this improvement, he restored the engine to its first principles, making it *an engine really moved by steam and not by air.*

The improvements which Mr. Watt had now effected, were 1st. The condensation in a separate vessel, which increased the original powers of the engine, and greatly diminished the waste of steam; 2nd. Employing the elastic pressure of the steam, instead of that of the atmosphere, which diminished the waste still more, rendered the engine more manageable, and enabled the operator to suit the power of the engine to its work, in almost any given proportion.

Such is a very brief outline of the history of the steam engine, which, however imperfect, will show how much it has been indebted to Mr. Watt; it was this that recommended him to Mr. Matthew Boulton, of Soho, who joined with him in the patent, which, by its success, has proved its advantages. Mr. Watt's engines have always maintained their superiority; and the greatest mechanical object ever contemplated was, a few years since, on the point

of being executed by this machine. The states of Holland were in treaty with Messrs. Watt and Boulton for draining the Haerlem, Meer, and even reducing the Zuyder Zee, when the revolutionary war defeated the gigantic project.

Of the advantages of steam engines in a national point of view, it is quite unnecessary to dilate; their application has now become so extensive, that the saving of men and horses is immense. A single engine having a cylinder of thirty-one inches in diameter, will perform the work of 120 horses; and, for every hundred weight of coal consumed, 20,000 cubic feet of water may be raised twenty-four feet high. It was said many years ago, and when steam engines were not used half so much as at present, that they were to the nation at large a saving of 75,000 per day.

The life of an individual devoted to science does not possess many incidents unconnected with his favourite pursuit, and the memoirs of Mr. Watt will always be found in the history of the Steam Engine; but such brief notice as we have been enabled to collect, we shall lay before our readers.

James Watt was born in the city of Glasgow, in the year 1736. His parents were highly respectable, and though not affluent, were able to give their children, what, to the honour of Scotland, is not uncommon, a good education. In his earlier years, young Watt was very reserved in his manner, and would often separate himself from his companions, to devote those hours to the improvement of his mind which they were spending in childish amusements.

Having finished his grammatical studies and acquired considerable knowledge in the several branches of the useful sciences, he was, at the age of sixteen, apprenticed to an 'Instrument maker:' a profession which included the making and repairing of the instruments used in experiment, in mechanics, and natural philosophy—theodolites, quadrants, musical instruments, &c.

When Mr. Watt had completed the term of his apprenticeship, which, in Scotland, is generally limited to three years, he came to London, and worked about a year with a mathematical instrument maker, in town, from which he acknowledged he received considerable advantage, as it enabled him to acquire a more ready method of despatching business.

He now returned to his native country, and commenced business, uniting the several arts of mathematical and musical instrument making, with those of measuring and land surveying. By his industry he obtained a comfortable subsistence and the means of pursuing a course of experiments on which his mind was bent.

While he was thus employed, one of those fortunate incidents occurred, which so frequently call into action the talents of great minds when buried in obscurity. The professor who lectured on national philosophy, at the University of Glasgow, had occasion to apply to Mr. Watt to repair the model of a steam engine, which, by length of time, had become unfit for exhibiting to the class the powerful effects of steam. The mind of the artist was struck with the contrivance of the engine, and he instantly perceived its very defective construction, and contemplated improvements which would render it more generally subservient to the uses of society. From this hour, his whole soul was fixed upon the improvement of the Steam Engine. Every other object was subordinate, every other pursuit was followed for the sake of subsistence—the

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Steam Engine was to lay the foundation of his future fame and fortune. How far it has done so we have shown in the early part of this memoir.

Mr. Watt had married a lady without fortune, and was ineffectually struggling for the means of carrying into effect his important discoveries, when, in 1773, he became acquainted with Mr. Boulton, with whom he formed that connexion which has been so advantageous to themselves and so beneficial to this country. Sometime after he had settled at Birmingham, he married a second wife, Miss McGregor, of Glasgow, a lady of superior attainments and accomplishments. By her he had no issue, but he has left a son by his first wife, who was long associated with him in his business and his studies; he has also left two grandchildren by a daughter who died some years ago.

In early life, Mr. Watt, in conjunction with Dr. Black, made a variety of experiments on latent heat; and he was long and intimately acquainted with Dr. Priestley, Dr. Darwin, and M. De Luc.

The mind of Watt has shewn itself capable of a thousand inventions, which, though of less utility than the grand object of his life, are not without considerable advantages; among these may be noticed his *Copying Machines*, which have come into general use.

Mr. Watt had, for many years, retired from business, but his mind continued actively employed on scientific improvements. He perfected an apparatus for the medical application of factitious airs; and the amusement of his latter days was the contrivance of a machine for imitating and multiplying statuary, which he brought to a considerable state of perfection. On his last visit to Scotland, which was in the autumn of 1817, he distributed among his friends some of its earliest performances, as the productions of a young artist just entering on his eighty-third year. Thus happy in his domestic connexions, in the complete enjoyment of his extraordinary intellect, respected and beloved by the wise and good of every country, and having attained the great age of eighty-four years, his useful and honourable life was terminated, after an illness of short duration, rather of debility than of pain, by an easy and tranquil death. He died on the 25th of August, at his seat of Heathfield, near Birmingham.

Mr. Watt was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1784; of the Royal Society of London in 1785; and a member of the Batavian Society in 1787; in 1806, the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him by the spontaneous and unanimous vote of the Senate of the University of Glasgow; and, in 1808, he was elected a Member of the National Institute of France.

The character of this estimable man was as amiable in private life as it was distinguished in public; and few individuals possessed so much and such varied information. His steam engine is probably the most perfect production of physical and mechanical skill which the world has yet seen; while, in the variety, extent, and importance of its applications, it certainly far transcends every similar invention. So great was the activity and power of his mind, that he not only embraced the whole compass of science, but was deeply learned in many departments of literature; and such was the felicity of his memory, that it retained, without effort, all that was confided to it. He was still more distinguished, not only by that highest prerogative of genius, promptness, and fertility of invention, but also by its rare and happy union with a calm and sa-

gacious judgment, regulated and matured by those habits of patient attention and investigation, without which no great production of human art was ever carried to perfection. His manners were marked by the simplicity which generally characterises exalted merit; he was perfectly free from parade and affectation; and though he could not be unconscious either of the eminent rank he held among men of science, or of those powers of mind by which he had attained it, yet his character was not debased by the slightest taint of vanity or pride.

Original Poetry.

ON READING THE BEAUTIFUL POEM OF THE MISSIONARY.

BY THE REV. W. L. BOWLES.

Sure there are wand'ring minstrels of the air,
Whose golden harps the hands of angels string,
For mortal sight their forms too pure and fair,
For mortal ears too sweet the strains they sing?

Who yet with human minds communion hold,
But such alone whose essence is refined;
Above the common sons of earthly mould,
Whose heavy sense is to enchantment blind.

To these they tell, in accents thrilling sweet,
Tales to delight their fav'rite chosen few,
And grant them power those numbers to repeat
In tones as soft as from their harps they drew.

One such, oh happy bard! inspired thy song
With her own melody—entrancing—wild—
And as she swept the yielding chords along,
Charm'd with the harmony, delighted smil'd.

What varied notes of tenderness and grief,
Of glory withered, and of faith betray'd,
The sorrows of the injured warrior chief,
The lovely—the deserted Indian maid!

Ah, oft fair spirit! yet thy visit pay,
And thou sweet minstrel! charm the world again;
Thy song yields new-born pleasure to the gay,
And makes the mourning heart forget its pain!

August 30. LOUISA S. COSTELLO.

TO —, ON THE DEATH OF HER SISTER.

Oh! do not deem I feel the less
For her who sleeps secure at last,
Because no tears of tenderness
Have o'er my fringed eyelids past;

For I have felt, and keenly too—
Altho' I never wept with thee;—

That grief a tear could not subdue,

For her who now sleeps tranquilly,
With poignant stings no more opprest,
She's where 'the weary are at rest'!

To see *thee* weep—altho' the tear
Looks lovely in thine azure eye,—

But makes me think upon the bier,

Whereon I saw thy sister lie,

When she was from me born, to be

A tenant of the deep dark tomb:

And oh! I sigh to think that she—

A flower but newly in its bloom—
Should fade, alas! before the sun
Had beam'd upon so sweet a one.

But, lady, hope—and sorrow may
Forsake, in time, thy heaving breast:—

Come, wipe that humid gem away

And lull thy anguish into rest.

Thy sister gone—thou art not left
Without a friend thy guide to be—
For tho' of every joy bereft,
While her sweet image lives in thee,
In me confide—till, with the blest,
I'm where 'the weary are at rest.'

WILFORD.

SUSAN'S REPLY*.

How sweet is the music that pleases the ear!
And how welcome the star when the prospect is drear!
Yet not sweeter the sound, nor yet softer the light,
Than those musical beams which environ my sight!
Hope 's a bud, leaf, or blossom, or flow'r of the soul,
On whose beauty love dwells in celestial controul;
And just as the fruits of its happiness rise,
Disappointment the solacing sunshine denies!
Is dear Lubin yet hung on the bosom of love?
Will he then arrive like that innocent dove
Who delighted the ark with its peaceful return?
Oh no? Lubin's dead!—and my heart is—his urn!
And when thro' that urn the swift arrow of death
Shall pierce its keen anguish and silence my breath;
Lubin's ashes shall kindle with Susan's and rise
To the forms of pure angels, and rest in the skies.

J. R. P.

TO A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY ON HER MARRIAGE.

LADY, at length, by Hymen's knot,
Thou and thy love are fast united;
Each anxious doubting now forgot,
Each other's truth full well requited:
Oh blissful day! the happiest of his life,
Who now salutes thee by the name of 'wife.'
Lady, may he, whose now thou art
Alone;—this day not once repenting—
Though constant streams pour out his heart,
In love to thee,—whose love consenting,
Resigned to him thy precious self for life,
And vowed to bless him in the name of 'wife.'
Lady, thy virtues so effulgent shine,
They form a ray of glory splendid;
Which beams with lustre as divine
As mid-day sun, and as transcendent;
Oh! may those virtues banish every strife,
Which might his peace disturb, who calls thee "wife."
Lady, may golden showers of bliss,
Be ev'ry hour thy form surrounding;
And thousand wishes, such as this,
Are *his*, whose heart with joy is bounding:
Who'll gaze in dreams of ecstasy through life,
On thee, sweet fair, and him who calls thee 'wife.'

Fine Arts.

RAFFAELE.

RAFFAELE was the pupil of nature. His melodious style, his rich colouring, and sweetness of execution, have contributed to render his paintings extremely estimable. I fancy that the canvas breathes, and insensibly bow with veneration before the mighty pre-eminence of his Madonna. So exquisite was his taste, so refined his soul, and so acute his imagination, as to enable him to grasp the dominion of nature. His soft pencil and fine handling will ever be objects of contemplation, study, and improvement, with

* Vide *Literary Chronicle*, p. 222 and 238.

the artist. He could add elegance to beauty—piety to prayer—animation to indifference. He could inspire his women with enchanting blandishments. His figures, as though conscious of their superiority, retain a portion of dignity and voluptuousness. His drapery was sometimes stiff, but it was well brought out. A maternal fondness, a celestial chastity, and a beauteous modesty, are admirably portrayed in his Madonna. He disfigured not lovely beauty with a disagreeable, an unnatural, and an insipid effeminacy. To disgusting boldness he was equally an enemy. He could display the personal symmetry of real and ideal beauty, happily destitute of the harsh appearance of mental deformity. He gloried in the display of loveliness and holy purity, and powerfully depicted such noble sentiments in the productions of his pencil.

J. P. T.

The Drama.

COVENT GARDEN.—The opening of the winter theatres always forms a sort of epoch in London; it is the precursor, or rather forms a principal part, of those rational amusements which distinguish the metropolis at this season of the year; and, without in the least depreciating the merits or the exertions of the summer theatres, we confess we always hail the opening of the winter houses with pleasure. During the recess, very little has been done at this theatre, except burnishing the gilt ornaments, and the alteration of the proscenium noticed in our last, and which certainly affords a most extensive view of the stage. The play chosen for the opening, was the tragedy of *Macbeth*; what motive might have induced the manager to make this selection we know not, but it is certain that he could scarcely have fixed on one which the very numerous and excellent company at this theatre would not have played much better. Mr. Charles Kemble was the Macbeth of the evening, and though his performance of the character was interesting in some of the early scenes, yet as it advanced and Macbeth became the sanguinary tyrant, Mr. Kemble fell infinitely short of the portrait. Mrs. Bunn, (late Miss Somerville) appeared for the first time in Lady Macbeth, and those who recollect Mrs. Siddons' performance of this character (and who that has seen it can ever forget it)? will not be surprised to find that Mrs. Bunn was less successful than in some other characters. The performance, however, was marked by a sound discrimination. The scene in which she reveals in her sleep the workings of a guilty conscience, was the most difficult and yet the most perfect part of the performance. Yates, in Macduff, was less spirited than we could have wished him; his best scene was when he is informed of the death of his wife and children, and here he was certainly effective.—Sheridan's inimitable comedy of the *School for Scandal* was played on Wednesday night, and, most of the comic performers of this house having returned to their old quarters, the characters were well filled. The Sir Peter Teazle of Mr. Farren is universally allowed to be as finished a piece of acting as there is on the stage; it is his best character, and we never saw him sustain it with more spirit. The self possession, attention to the business of the scene, and the distinctiveness of articulation which distinguish Mr. Farren from so many performers, were all strikingly exhibited in this performance. In the scene with Joseph Surface, when he discloses to him his jealousy, and when he afterwards

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sees the arch-hypocrite unmasked, he gave the most characteristic portrait we ever witnessed. Mrs. Davison, (late Miss Duncan) made her first appearance at this house, in her favourite character of Lady Teazle, and was greeted with loud applause. The dignity, playful frivolity, and conjugal dalliance, which are such prominent features in Lady Teazle, were given in the happiest manner; and, in the scene where Joseph Surface unmasks himself, by endeavouring to seduce her from the path of virtue, and appealed to his honour—the way in which she felt the reproach was skilfully portrayed. Mr. Macready was the Joseph Surface of the evening, and although he appeared to have an admirable conception of the character, yet his performance, though chaste, was tame. He did not, could not, look the character; and we scarcely think there is any character that he could not portray better than that of a hypocrite. Mr. Charles Kemble's Charles Surface was as gay, lively, and gentlemanly, as it has always been. Terry played Sir Oliver Surface with his wonted excellence. An incident in the picture scene strongly exhibited the feelings of the audience respecting an individual, and the words 'Six pounds is enough for a Mayor' produced three distinct rounds of applause. The house has been crowded both evenings.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—The favourite ballet of the *Death of Captain Cook* has been revived at this theatre, during the present week. Mr. T. P. Cooke gave an animated representation of the dignity and courage of the British commander; and the savage natives were well represented by persons, who imitated, very happily, the dances, grimaces, and shrieks of the American Indians, who were at this house last season. A Cure for Romance increases in popularity, and is to be honoured with a Royal visit this evening (Thursday,) when the Duke and Duchess of Kent have announced their intention of witnessing its performance.

SURREY THEATRE.—*The President and the Peasant's Daughter*, with *Richard Cœur de Lion*, continue to attract full houses every evening. The former piece was written by Mr. Dibdin for Drury Lane, should he have become the lessee.

The minor theatres on the other side of the water, are likely to have a warm struggle for superiority during the next winter. Mr. Moncrieff leaves Astley's, to undertake the production and composition of the pieces at the Cobourg, which Mr. Barrymore, Jun., whose talent seems to be more calculated for writing equestrian pieces than the former gentleman's, though he has abundantly elicited horseLaughs from the auditors of the Amphitheatre, during the summer—retires from the Cobourg to Astley's, who intends opening his theatre as a winter house, for the first time these thirteen years. The company at the Cobourg, will, it is rumoured, be amazingly strong; T. P. Cooke, H. Kemble, Stanley, Miss Smithson, Miss Love, and other performers of the Royal Theatres, are spoken of as already engaged.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

Mr. Moncrieff, the dramatist, is preparing for the press, a new work, entitled, 'Biographia Histrionica, or Memoirs and Portraits of English Actors and Actresses, from the earliest period of the English Drama to the present time, with their autographs, armorial bearings, &c.'

Of the Flour of Potatoes.—A patent has been recently ob-

tained, at Paris, a gold medal bestowed, and other honorary distinctions granted, for the discovery and practice, on a large scale, of preparing from potatoes a fine flour; a sago; a flour equal to ground rice; and a semolina, or paste, of which one pound is equal to one pound and-a-half of rice, one pound and three-quarters of vermicelli, or, it is asserted, eight pounds of raw potatoes.—These preparations are found valuable to mix with wheaten flour for bread, to make biscuits, pastry, pie-crusts, and for all soups, gruels, and panada. Large engagements have been made for these preparations with the French marine, and military and other hospitals, with the approbation of the faculty.—An excellent bread, it is said, can be made of this flour, at half the cost of wheaten bread. Heat having been applied in these preparations, the articles will keep unchanged for years, and on board ship, to China and back; rats, mice, worms, and insects, do not infect or destroy this flour. Simply mixed with cold water, they are in ten minutes fit for food, when fire and all other resources may be wanted; and twelve ounces are sufficient for a day's sustenance, in case of necessity. The physicians and surgeons in the hospitals, in case of great debility of the stomach, have employed these preparations with advantage. The point of this discovery is, the cheapness of the preparation and the conversion of a surplus growth of potatoes into a keeping stock; in an elegant, portable, and salubrious form. Our crops of the present growth will want some novel means of consumption.

Northern Expedition.—The Hecla and Griper, discovery ships, were passed on the 19th July, in lat. 72 deg. 36 min.

The Earth Hollow.—Reflections and experiments on central forces, and on the constitution of the globe we inhabit.

Copy of a Letter to Doctor Mitchell.

Le Roy, Genesee county, N. Y. July 22, 1819.

Sir,—Although a stranger, I shall make no apology for addressing you, on so interesting a subject to all scientific men. Accident brought me to reflect upon the formation of the earth. Taking it for granted, that this earth has been of a consistence that would take shape and motion, and from what has been discovered, there are strong arguments in its favour, what would be its internal structure? I have observed in a common barrel churn, that a quick regular motion would throw the cream upon the sides of the churn, without any agitation, leaving none at the ends; and I had observed, that a regular motion given to a grindstone, that was hung perfectly true, would retain water upon the top of the stone, without throwing it off; I considered that the laws of nature and of motion must be uniform. It occurred to me that motion must produce the same effects on this earth that we see it have on smaller bodies. These considerations induced me to make a machine to demonstrate this as far as I possibly could. I accordingly prepared an artificial globe, from a pine log, about nine feet in circumference, as near the known shape of this earth as possible: open at the poles, the concavity of the inside answerable to the convexity of the outside, the aperture at the poles answerable to about thirty-six degrees of the earth. I then fixed it on pivots, with machinery to give it a very quick motion. I then turned water in the inside of the ball, and put it in motion, and the event was as I had anticipated; the water spread itself smooth upon it, in a smooth even surface, without any attempts to fly off. I then perforated the ball in a number of places; it created as many most beautiful springs of water upon the outside of the ball, which satisfactorily accounts to me for the origin of springs and of the course of rivers, and it will press the water through the pores of the wood sufficiently to moisten the whole outside surface.

I contemplate fashioning the outside of the little Globe like unto this earth, cut out the oceans, continents, rivers, vallies, &c. and if I can contrive any method to counteract the effect that our atmosphere will naturally have upon it, I have no doubt, from what I have already observed, of the effects of motion, that the rivers and vallies may be filled with water from the inside, the ocean filled, the regular oceanic currents formed, the water flowing from the inside to the out through the perforations, from the outside to the inside through the

poles, and the whole phenomena explained in a satisfactory manner, so that the whole process may be seen in miniature with the eye; the polar attraction of the needle explained and the variation of it accounted for.

'I find by placing the north end of the globe in a dark place, and having a bright light placed in the position that the sun bears to this earth in a south latitude, the rays of light are thrown in at the south pole, and reflected at right angles, and pass out at the north pole in a manner perfectly calculated to explain the aurora borealis, and show it in a most beautiful manner; and shows that the inside, or hollow, of the earth, may be as well or better lighted and warmed by the sun than the outside. From these experiments I am fully convinced of Symmes' theory, and that the earth would be incomplete without the hollow.'

'I am, with much respect, your most obedient servant,
THOMAS TUFTS.
Hon. Samuel L. Mitchell.
New York Paper.'

The Bee.

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta!* LUCRETIUS.

Singular Customs.—The inhabitants of St. Johanna, among other whimsical customs, have one which seldom fails to excite the astonishment of the young navigator. They beg an English name of the sailors who touch at their island, and of course names of the greatest eminence are freely given by our tars. Thus, when they come to visit the ships which stop at the island, it has happened that *Charles Fox* has humbly solicited the washing of linen, and the Prince of Wales requested a preference for his vegetables. Mr. Pitt has been detected stealing a blanket—while the Duke of Bedford has been known to beg for a tenpenny nail.

Trundling the Hoop.—This puerile sport is thus pleasantly noticed by Charlotte Smith, in her 'Rural Walks':—

'Sweet age of blest delusion! blooming boys,
Ah! revel long in childhood's thoughtless joys;
With light and pliant spirits that can stoop
To follow, sportively, the rolling hoop;
To watch the sleeping top, with gay delight,
Or, mark with raptur'd gaze, the sailing kite,
Or, eagerly pursuing pleasure's call,
Can find it center'd in the bounding ball.'

The Athenians.—The young men of Athens took an oath 'To fight for their country, either singly or with many, to go against whatever region soever they were sent, and never to forsake that captain under whom they were appointed to serve.'

Misfortune of being Ugly, (from the Portuguese of M. D'Oliveira.)—A girl was on the point of being hanged at Vienna; her youth and beauty made great impressions upon the heart of one of the spectators, who was a Neapolitan, a middle-aged man, but excessively ugly. As he had but a few moments to make up his mind, he ran immediately to the place of execution, and declaring his intention to marry the criminal, demanded her pardon, according to the custom of the country. The pardon was granted, on condition that the girl was not averse to the match. He accordingly addressed her in these terms: 'Madam, I am a gentleman of some property, and I now wish, for the first time, that I were a king, only that I might offer you a stronger proof of my attachment.' 'Alas! sir,' replied the girl, 'I am fully sensible of your affection and generosity; but I am not mistress over my own heart, and I cannot belie my sentiments. Unfortunately, they control my fate, and I prefer the death with which I am threatened, to marrying so ugly a fellow as you are!' The Neapolitan retired in confusion, and the woman directed the executioner to do his office.

The Postscript.—A young man of fashion threw himself into the Seine; he was rescued from his perilous situation by a waterman, who heard him roar out most unmercifully, that he had forgotten to add a *postscript* to his farewell letter to his mistress.

Bon-Mots.—A gamekeeper, who had not become sufficiently acquainted with the names of the dogs, called one of them 'Cinque,' whose name was *Six*, and, being reminded of his error, replied 'I was sure I was within an ace of being right.'

When a certain popular nobleman was appointed to the green riband, he met a facetious friend, who warmly congratulated him on his new dignity and green riband. 'Yes,' said the nobleman, 'but you will find me the same man still.' 'Why, then,' returned the wit, 'you shall be the Green Man and Still.'

The celebrated Jesuit, Bourdalane, was asked by a lady, whether she did wrong in frequenting the theatres, 'Tis yourself, madam,' said he, 'that can best answer that question.'

When Mr. Joseph Lancaster had finished his lecture, from the chair of the House of Representatives, in the United States, Mr. Clay, the speaker, complimented him, saying, the chair had never been so well filled before. Mr. Lancaster, very modestly replied, 'that man in his purest aspect, was but a very humble instrument in the hands of a higher power; the chair he had just occupied, exalted as it was, had not been filled with any thing *better than CLAY.*'

IMPROPTU
On a Lady asking a Gentleman his waking Wish, on New Year's Morning.

I wish'd that two vowels were join'd
In wedlock, so holy and true,
I could not but think, in my mind,
Those vowels must be I and U.

I turn'd it in each point of view,
And turn'd myself round with a sigh;
But nought could I make of the two,
For inverted they came U and I.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Mary, Y. F., 'To Emma,' and the 'Mariner's Grave,' in our next. L. is requested to send to our office.

The 'Ode to Kean' is too trite and fulsome.

Erratum in our last, p. 244, col. 1, line 33, for 'Russian' read 'Prussian.'

This day is published, in 2 vols. 12mo. price 11s.

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